

# The War Song Of Kallinos

## Preface

The poem is attributed to Kallinos (7th century BCE) with the translation below attributed to David Myatt {1} and dating from the late 1990s. For comparison we include a translation included in the book by J. M. Edmonds published in 1931 which contained the Greek text below.

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{1} The translation, under the title War Song of Kallinos, was included on page 128 of the compilation *Selected National Socialist Writings Of David Myatt* issued by 'The RDM Crew' on behalf of Reichsfolk in 2016.

## Greek Text

μέχρις τεῦ κατάκεισθε; κότ' ἄλκιμον ἔξετε θυμόν, ὦ νέοι; οὐδ' αἰδεῖσθ' ἀμφιπερικτίονας ὧδε λίην μεθιέντες; ἐν εἰρήνῃ δὲ δοκεῖτε ῆσθαι, ἀτὰρ πόλεμος γαῖαν ἅπασαν ἔχει; ... καί τις ἀποθνήσκων ὕστατ' ἀκοντισάτω.	5
τιμῆν τε γάρ ἐστι καὶ ἀγλαὸν ἀνδρὶ μάχεσθαι γῆς πέρι καὶ παίδων κουριδίης τ' ἀλόχου δυσμενέσιν: θάνατος δὲ τότ' ἔσσεται, ὁππότε κεν δῇ Μοῖραι ἐπικλώσωσ': ἀλλὰ τις ἰθὺς ἴτω ἔγχος ἀνασχόμενος καὶ ὑπ' ἀσπίδος ἄλκιμον ἦτορ ἔλσας τὸ πρῶτον μειγνυμένου πολέμου:	10
οὐ γάρ κως θάνατόν γε φυγεῖν εἰμαρμένον ἐστὶν ἄνδρ', οὐδ' εἰ προγόνων ἦ γένος ἀθανάτων. πολλάκι δηϊοτῆτα φυγῶν καὶ δοῦπον ἀκόντων >ἔρχεται, ἐν δ' οἴκῳ μοῖρα κίχεν θανάτου:	15
ἀλλ' ὁ μὲν οὐκ ἔμπης δῆμῳ φίλος οὐδὲ ποθεινός, τὸν δ' ὀλίγος στενάχει καὶ μέγας, ἦν τι πάθῃ: λαῶ γὰρ σύμπαντι πόθος κρατερόφρονος ἀνδρὸς θνήσκοντος, ζώων δ' ἄξιος ἡμιθέων: ὥσπερ γὰρ πύργον μιν ἐν ὀφθαλμοῖσιν ὀρῶσιν: ἔρδει γὰρ πολλῶν ἄξια μῶνος ἑών.	20

Source: *Elegy and Iambus*, Volume I, edited by J. M. Edmonds, 1931. <https://www.perseus.tufts.edu/hopper/text?doc=Perseus%3Atext%3A2008.01.0477%3Avolume%3D1>

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## War Song Of Kallinos Translated by David Myatt

Noble and glorious is he who fights  
For his folk and family against the foe.  
Since death comes when chosen by Fate -  
Bringing to an end the thread of life -  
Go forward with spears held high and shields shielding brave hearts  
When battle is joined:  
There is no flight from death, for that Destiny comes to all mortals  
Even they claiming descent from the gods.  
Many from the battle-fury of roaring javelins have fled to their home.  
But even there, their fate of death awaits;  
And they die unloved and unmourned by their folk  
While both chiefs and the clan lament for the brave.  
All of a community weep for the courageous who die:  
And if they live, they are hailed like a god,  
Exalted by those who behold them  
For the deeds of the many, they did alone.

## Appendix Another Translation

For 'tis an honourable thing and a glorious to a man to fight the foe for land and children and wedded wife; and death shall befall only when the Fates ordain it. Nay, so soon as war is mingled let each go forward spear in poise and shield before stout heart; for by no means may a man escape death, nay not if he come of immortal

lineage. Oftentime, it may be, he returneth safe from the conflict of battle and the thud of spears, and the doom of death cometh upon him at home; yet such is not dear to the people nor regretted, whereas if aught happen to the other sort he is bewailed of small and great. When a brave man dieth the whole people regretteth him, and while he lives he is as good as a demigod; for in their eyes he is a tower, seeing that he doeth single-handed as good work as many together.

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